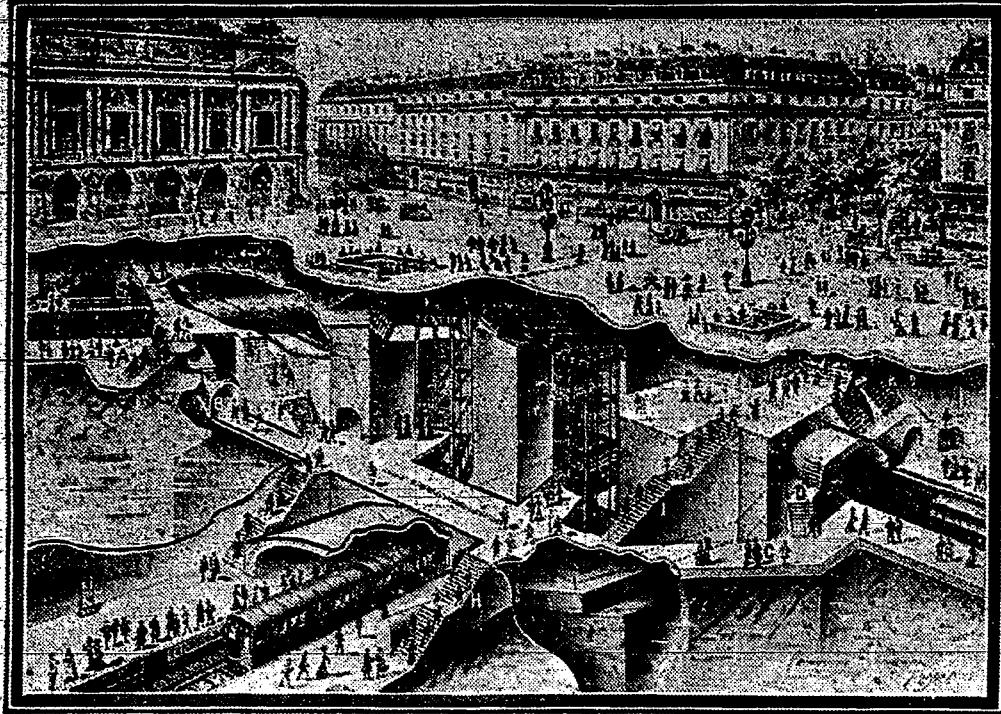


PARIS A GREAT HONEYCOMB.



SOME OF THE WONDERS OF THE UNDERGROUND PORTION OF THE FRENCH CAPITAL.
Like every other great city, Paris is underlined by tubes of all sorts, notably by the "Metro," the equivalent of our own tubes. Some idea of the elaborate nature of the tunneling required for such an enterprise may be gained from a glance at this section of the Opera

terminus of the line. Easily to be seen are the tubes through which the trains run, which are set at different levels, the passenger lifts, the stairways and the corridors. In all there are some 375 stairs. The well of each lift is 19 meters (about 62 feet) in height.

Illustrated London News.

AMENDS TO NATURE.

I have loved colors, and not flowers. Their motion, not the swallow's wings. And wasted more than half my hours Without the comradeship of things.

How is it now that I can see With love and wonder and delight, The children of the hedge and tree, The little lords of day and night?

How is it that I see the roads, No longer with usurping eyes, A twilight meeting place for mousies, A midday mart of butterflies?

I feel in every ridge that hums, Like insect and infinite, And suddenly the world becomes A part of me and I of it.

—Arthur Symons.

A Wild Cat Tail.

The trail sloped abruptly downward toward a brawling brook that rushed hysterically between the wooded hills. Footsore and weary from the long tramp, I paused to gaze where a vista of pine-clad hills with here and there a maple blushing crimson at Indian summer's too ardent wooing, walled in the narrow valley.

Down the valley, along the brook, crossed over the bridge, five miles of forest trail and then the wagon-road to the village. Eight miles to the hotel; supper and a bed!

I looked at my watch.

"Five o'clock. No wonder I am hungry. Fifteen miles today and only one rabbit!"

Down on the bank covered with pine needles and whitewashed living moss I lay down and cast myself down on the same fragrant cushion a yard from the trail.

I drew a small luncheon from a game pocket, laid my repeating shot gun at my side and ate while revolving in the beautiful panorama of forest green outlined against a swiftly oncoming sunset of mellow autumn haze. A great weariness fell on body and mind as the giant pines sighed their vesper service.

"Just a moment of rest," I thought, "and then two hours of hustle to the hotel."

A homesickness for the comforts and luxuries of city life at the evening hour came to me, a deep yearning.

"Do they miss me at home? Do they miss me?"

"Would be an assurance most dear To know that this moment some loved one—

"Were saying 'I wish he were here.'"

The little owl nicknamed "Saw-whet" broke the silence with his rasping cry five rods back on the trail. I had just passed over. I wondered what he saw, or heard. I clasped my gunstock and listened.

Voiceless silence! A deep melancholy gripped me suddenly, a heavy sighing cry of breaking bones. I tried vainly to open my eyes. My whole body seemed hypnotized to silence. The dream images so mingled with the real that I could only stare.

I felt a tickly sensation on my hand which lay across my gunstock with finger near the trigger.

"Some joke tickling me with a hair."

Then there came a muffled sound which soon grew into a giant purr, as of some huge cat. Warily I struggled to see who was there.

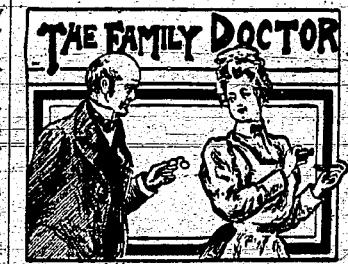
At last my eyes opened in a narrow slit through which I saw her face a few inches above my hand, her long lean sinewy body crouching low.

She sat upright on her haunches in an instant, her purring stopped as she glowered down at my face with eyes of liquid green fire.

The Panther Cat! I saw the rhythmic motion of her muscular arms as she slid her cruel claws out and in their velvet sheathes. The tawny coat on her shoulders rose and fell as again she purred her satisfaction.

The Bunny had disappeared. A sense of supreme indifference stole over me as I listened to her. I am not specially courageous, quite to the contrary. Yet I felt no fear.

I noticed, as by some occult sense,



Taking Medicine.

When one observes the general attitude of the public at large, even much of the instructed and intelligent public, on the subject of medicine-taking, the wonder is that more people do not perish of their own folly.

It is to be supposed that when a physician prescribes a drug he and he alone, is equipped to know what he prescribes, what for, and how much, and how often it should be taken. It

may be, it often is, a dangerous poison if taken in excess, or at the wrong time, or in the wrong combination, and yet, although it seems incredible, one continually finds otherwise intelligent persons arguing that if a spoonful does good, the process of cure may be hastened by a spoonful and a half, or that, having forgotten the medicine the day before, double doses to-day will help them to catch up; or that, although the writing-on-the-bottle says "before meals," they never can remember it till they have finished eating.

Happy thought! I am a fairly good ventriloquist; Many a time have I surprised a dog with a fierce growl at his heels.

'She of the woods looked quickly over her left shoulder as a low growl stole through the stillness. Her nervous tail twitched and dropped straight out from the gun muzzle, the tip squirming with her nerve tension. In a flash I had the gun cocked and finger on the trigger. She sensed the action and looked down into my wide-open eyes with a world of fierce intensity.

"Flash! Roar!"

I think I was never so tickled before in all my life. The up-flame caught the hair of her tail along two-thirds of its length. The vast volume of roar at her haunches sent her into the air like a rubber ball. By some巧 she faced squarely about in mid-air, a living comet with fiery

trail sloping abruptly downward toward a brawling brook that rushed hysterically between the wooded hills. Footsore and weary from the long tramp, I paused to gaze where a vista of pine-clad hills with here and there a maple blushing crimson at Indian summer's too ardent wooing, walled in the narrow valley.

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LOSS IS \$50,000,000
FROM WINTRY BLAST

Snow and Sod Affect Wide Section,
with Truck Gardens, Orchards
and Farms Devastated.

CROPS RUINED IN MIDDLE WEST

Sudden Blizzard with Below Freezing Temperatures Leaves Devastation in Its Wake.

BOTH GRAIN AND FRUITS SUFFER

Outturns of Rain and Cold, with Gradual Change, Regarded as Only Salvation.

Prematurely budding crops of the middle West have been swept away in the most disastrous and far-reaching storm experienced in a generation. The disturbance has wrought more than \$50,000,000 damage to fruits and vegetables and has started an upward shoot in the price of fresh foodstuffs that probably will be felt during the entire season. The Michigan fruit belt—the backbone of the fruit district—is described as almost wholly wiped out for the season, while the freezing temperature in Illinois and Iowa not only has killed buds, flowers and fruits, but threatens to ruin oats.

In and about Chicago truck gardens have given all hopes of early vegetables blasted in a single night. Vegetables and flowers that had promised huge profits and low prices, promised because of the early spring have been damaged beyond hope. All that can be done is to replant, where this is possible, making the season several weeks behind rather than early. But in the end it will be the housekeeper who will feel the effect of the storm. The expected early vegetables and low prices, promised because of the lamb-like March, have given place to promises of such high prices for green foodstuffs as have not obtained in years.

The story of the storm is told best in the weather bureau reports that show a freezing temperature in practically all of the points that have been touched by the storm. Here are some of the temperatures reported.

Chicago 26 above zero
Kansas City 30 above zero
Keokuk 28 above zero
Indianapolis 30 above zero
Des Moines 30 above zero
Davenport 26 above zero
Dubuque, Iowa 13 above zero
St. Louis 28 above zero
Unionville, Mo. 26 above zero
Milwaukee 22 above zero

In the central and southern districts of Illinois the temperature fell to a fraction below 20 degrees with the result that fruit growers announced that they had lost half of any crop at all this season.

Fortunately enough, the only mitigation in the bad news was the fact that rain and low temperature, although not freezing temperatures, prevailed throughout the whole Middle Western section. Had the snowstorm been followed by a bright, warm sun, nothing could have saved fruits and berries now in blossom from complete ruin. As matters stand, while many of the buds will be killed, the cool weather and rain of the next few days may save the others.

What effect the damage will have on prices this summer is problematical. The indications up to the day before the storm fell were that the fruit crop would break all records. Fruits, grains and garden truck were from two weeks to a month ahead of their usual time. The question now is whether enough of the crop will be saved to make the harvest next fall something like normal.

Even if the fruit crop of the Middle West were half destroyed, prices might not be seriously affected, for reports there are children. Never pour out and drink from any bottle until the directions have been read. Always keep dangerous fluids, such as strong ammonia, carbolic acid, insect poisons and the like in corrugated bottles.

Grains are reported to have suffered severely everywhere, the loss on oats being particularly heavy. In some sections the entire oats crop will have to be resown. Wherever the first joint was out of the ground frost killed the growing grain.

Horse-Spearred Destruction.

Having wreaked a trolley car, smashed a wagon into splinters, injured five men and held up a big four train, a runaway horse ended its spectacular career in Springfield, O., by being killed with a pick-and-shovel in Mill River.

\$15,000,000 Due from New Tax Corporation tax assessments up to date amount to \$15,052,156. Only \$13,247 has been paid into the treasury on account of the tax. Corporations have until June 30 to pay up.

Women Taxpayers to Vote.

Women taxpayers are permitted to vote on propositions for the bonding of New York State villages for improvements, in a bill which became a law the other day.

Flying Fish Aeroplane Flies.

Over the marshes on Plum Island, near Newburyport, Mass., the Herring-Burgess aeroplane Flying Fish made three successful flights the other day. Arthur M. Herring of Hammondport, N.Y., piloted the machine in the first flight.

Pat Crowe, the kidnaper of Eddie Cudahy, was held up and robbed in Mansfield, Ohio, the other night. Crowe filed a complaint against John Barnes, a noted Ohio reformatory prisoner, who held in \$5,000 bond.

Many a man who expects to go to heaven pays out a lot of good money for fire insurance.



Action against the bituminous railroads of the Middle West is to be begun soon by the Department of Justice. Under the direction of the Attorney General attorneys and special agents of the department have been investigating the relation between a number of the large trunk lines in the middle West to the mining and distribution of soft coal, and enough information has been gathered to justify the Attorney General in announcing that he expects to bring proceedings in a short time. The action will be similar to that begun against the anthracite coal roads in the United States Circuit Court at Philadelphia. The complaint against the soft-coal roads is that there has been discrimination against the independent coal operators in the matter of cars and transportation facilities, and that this serves to bring about monopolistic conditions and raise the price of coal to the consumer.

Rapid transit, as it perhaps had ever been dreamed of by any other man, has been offered to the Postoffice Department by an Elington, Ill., inventor.

This inventor had a scheme to run a railroad train at the rate of eighty miles an hour for 600 miles without stopping, which he claimed would

load passengers, mail and baggage

meatwise. His device would whisk the most delicate passenger out of the car and into the station without lessening the speed of the train or injuring the passenger. It would do the same with mail, he said.

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Rapid transit, as it perhaps had ever been dreamed of by any other

Beautiful Wall Coatings for Homes.
In line with the progress of all other things in these modern days is the beautiful, perfect and sanitary wall-coatings for our homes. Alabastine is the name of a rich, soft and velvety preparation for the decoration of walls and ceilings. It adheres to the walls of its own adhesive qualities. It is inexpensive, clean, artistic and so easily put on that any one can follow the printed directions on every package. Any shade or tint is easily produced. Alabastine is proof against insects or disease germs so prevalent in wall paper. It does not rub off and fake like kalsomine. A complete color plan for the walls of the home and stencils to help make the home beautiful, together with a book about home decorations and samples of color effects will all be sent free by the Alabastine Company, 482 Grandville Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich. This liberal offer to home decorators deserves careful perusal.

Saved by Fireflies.

The gigantic tropical fireflies which swarm in the forests and canebrakes of most of the low lying West Indian Islands once proved the salvation of the city of San Domingo. A body of buccaneers, headed by the notorious Thomas Cavendish, had laid all their plans for a descent upon the place, intending to massacre the inhabitants and carry away all the treasures they conveniently could; and had actually put off their boats for that purpose. As they approached the land, however, rowing with muffled oars, they were greatly surprised to see an infinite number of moving lights in the woods which fringed the bayou up which they had to proceed, and, concluding that the Spaniards knew of their approach, they put about and regained their ship without attempting to land.

DR. MARTEL'S FEMALE PILLS.

Seventeen Years the Standard—Prescribed and recommended for women's ailments—a scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all drug stores.

Appropriate Fastenings.

"How will I keep my new chantelet hat on my head?" she asked, perplexed.

"With hat pins, my dear," said the milliner.—St. Louis Star.

For Red, Itching Eyes,
Falling Eyelashes and All Eyes
That Need Cure. Try Dr. Ely's Eye Salve.
A Remedy That Lasts. Ask Your Druggist or Write
Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shake Into Your Shoes
Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. It cures pain instantly; takes the sting out of corns and blisters. It's the greatest medicine for sore, tired, aching feet. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy, comfortable and light. It relieves burning, aches and tired, aching feet. It is a safe, non-narcotic substitute. No oil paint or varnish substitute.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE

"In a pouch, sent by mail, is the best medicine for sore, sickly children. Sold by Dr. Allen's Foot-Ease. Address: Dr. Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N.Y."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Is the best of all medicines for the cure of diseases, disorders, and weaknesses peculiar to women. It is the only preparation of its kind devised by a regularly graduated physician—an experienced and skilled specialist in the diseases of women.

It is a safe medicine in any condition of the system.

THE ONE REMEDY which contains no alcohol and no injurious habit-forming drugs and which creates no craving for such stimulants.

THE ONE REMEDY so good that its makers are not afraid to print its every ingredient on each outside bottle-wrapper and attest to the truthfulness of the same under oath.

It is sold by medicine dealers everywhere, and my dealer who hasn't it can get it. Don't take a substitute of unknown composition for this medicine or common composition. No counterfeiter is as good as the genuine and the druggist who says something else is just as good as Dr. Pierce's is either mistaken or is trying to deceive you for his own selfish benefit. Such a man is not to be trusted. He is trifling with your most priceless possession—your health—may be your life itself. See that you get what you pay for.

WESTERN CANADA

What's Hill the Great Railroad Magnate Says About its Wheat-Producing Powers

"The greatest need of this country is to produce wheat. We have a million or two million acres of land available for growing wheat sufficient for us. The wheat we grow here is the best in the world, as a wheat exporting country, and we are the greatest wheat country."

The great railroads are now turning their attention to the wheat fields of Western Canada.

Upwards of 125 Million Bushels of Wheat

are now being raised in the three provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba which are now turning their attention to the wheat fields of Western Canada.

Free homesteads of 160 acres, and adjoining pre-emption lands, are now being offered to the public in the chiefest districts, covering the entire area of the three provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba which are now turning their attention to the wheat fields of Western Canada.

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Crawford Avalanche.

G. PARMER, Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year.....\$1.50

Six Months.....\$1.00

Three Months.....\$.50

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Grayling, Mich., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1873.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, APR. 28

Home Circle Department

A column dedicated to Tired Mothers as they join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

Crude thoughts as they fall from the Editorial Pen—Pleasant Evening Reveries.

UNATTRACTIVE HOMES.

Winter has especial temptations in the fact that many homes are peculiarly unattractive at this season. In the summer months the young man can sit out on the steps, or he can have a bouquet in the vase on the mantel, or the evenings being so short, soon after gaslight he wants to retire anywhere. But there many parents who do not understand how to make the long winter evenings attractive to their children. It is amazing to us that so many old people do not understand young people. To hear some of these parents talk you would think they had never themselves been young and had been born with spectacles on. Oh, it is dolorous for young people to sit in the house from 7 to 11 o'clock at night, and to hear parents groan about their ailments and the nothingness of this world. The nothingness of this world? How dare you talk such blasphemy? It took God six days to make this world; and he has allowed 6,000 years to hang upon his holy heart, and this world has shone on you and blessed you and caressed you for these fifty or seventy years, and yet you dare talk about the nothingness of this world! Why, it is a magnificent world. We do not believe in the whole universe there is a world equal to it except it be heaven. You cannot expect your children to stay in the house these long winter evenings to hear you denounce this star lighted, sun warmed, shower baptized, flower strewn, angel watched, God inhabited planet.

Oh, make your home bright! Bring in the violin or the picture. It does not require a great salary or a big house, or chased silver, or gorgeous upholstery to make a happy home. All that is wanted is a father's heart, a mother's heart in sympathy with young folks.

Verily the mother is the angel spirit of home. Her tender yearnings over the cradle of her infant babe, her guardian care of the child and youth, and her companionship with the man of her love and choice, make her the personal center of the interests, the hopes and the happiness of the family. Her love never cools, never tires, never sleeps, but ever glows and burns with increasing ardor and with sweet and holy incense upon the altar of home devotion. Even when she is gone to her last rest, a sainted mother in heaven is always a mighty influence over her wayward husband or child, than when she was present. Her departed spirit still hovers over the home and draws the family by unseen cords to herself in heaven.

The great want of this world is men; men who are honest, sound from center to circumference, true to heart's core; men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe; in themselves as well as others; men whose consciences are as steady as the adage to the pole; men who stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth falls; men who never flag nor flinch; men who have courage without shouting; men in whom the currents of everlasting life run still, deep and strong; men who do not cry or spoil their voices to be heard on the streets but who will not fail or be discouraged, till judgment be set on the earth; men who will not let men who are not too lazy to work nor too proud to be poor; men who hold their places and keep them; men who are willing to eat what they have paid for.

Suppose you are given to the habit of profanity. You enter into conversation with a man who never swears, or in other words, a gentleman. By and by you begin to see that he is the superior man. Your own remarks have a tame flat, feeble sound to your ears. Your cheeks begin to burn with a sense of your friend's excellence. Your pert little drama sounds coarse and drops out of your sentences, ashamed to remain in the company of good, honest English words, until you discover that you are carrying on your part of the conversation without swearing, and you feel easier and your intellectual stature increases about a foot.

INDEPENDENT IN REALITY.

Women may train their daughters in all the ways they imagine to be pleasing to men; they may teach them to wriggle and squirm and reef in their waists and roll their eyes and keep out insipid nothings between sardine stained lips; and yet the men will desert them to flock about the girls who are fully and completely independent of them and who care very little whether they fall in love with them or not. It is natural for men to think that, if it conceivably there is no game so well adapted to the American boy and man. From Walter Camp's "The American National Game" in "Century."

can affect independence. She must be independent in reality. And in order to be so if she has no fortune in her own right she must have an occupation that renders her self-sustaining. Now girls, consider this fact. The day of uselessness is nearly past. Young men are not going to gobble you up for wives on the strength of any looks or manners you may possess. Some of them are fools enough to do it, but they cannot afford it. The pressure of the time is inexorable. Use, use, use is its constant demand.

If there is anything we desire above all other things, it is to be broad minded and liberal. We have no use for prejudices and narrowness, be it in one party or another. This is a good world to live in, but it can be made a great deal better. We believe that human nature is naturally good; and that sooner or later it will throw off the selfishness that is the cause of the misery of the down-trodden. We believe in the religion of humanity, in the brotherhood of the race. No man owns a muzzle for us. We are poor as Job's turkey, probably always will be but we are rich in one thing—the independence to speak our honest thought. No man stays very long in this world; and he should try and make it better for having lived in it. In the long run it will yield more happiness than any other course. There is no better friend can attend a man at his death than the consciousness that he has tried to do right. These may be old fashioned ideas, but they are good enough for us.

Fruit in Northern Michigan.

It was formerly supposed that the only sections of Michigan in which fruit could be grown successfully were in the so-called "fruit belt" along the shore of Lake Michigan, and in especially favorable locations in the more southern tiers of counties but in recent years the "fruit belt" of Michigan has been broadened, so far as the more hardy varieties are concerned, to take in the entire southern peninsula; as there is not a single county in which fruit in great variety cannot be grown successfully over quite a wide area. In fact, during the past ten years the number of failures has been greater in the southern than in the northern half of the state, as the fruit crop has been several times destroyed, or at least greatly reduced, by climatic conditions which have had little effect in the northern half of the state, owing to the later opening of the fruit buds in that section.

Northern Michigan has hundreds of thousands of acres of land admirably adapted to fruit growing, combining an elevated and slightly rolling surface and suitable soil conditions, both of which are necessary for successful fruit culture.

Fruit grown in Northern Michigan is famous for its high color and fine flavor, which are due to the clear autumn weather, freedom from early frosts and long hours of sunshine possessed by that region.

The northern counties have a decided advantage over those farther south by being able to prolong the season of some of the hardest, early bearing and productive varieties,

such as Wealthy and McIntosh Red, which reach their greatest perfection in Northern Michigan, but are of little commercial value in the southern part of the state, where they are classed at autumn varieties.

While some of the counties in Northwestern Michigan have given considerable attention to fruit culture for many years, and have a high reputation, those in the northeastern portion of the state have been little exploited, and their horticultural possibilities are not generally recognized.

One merely needs to visit the orchards in that section, several of

which are among the largest in Michigan, during the ripening season, or to inspect the fruit at the state and county fairs, to be convinced that Northeastern Michigan has a great future as a fruit growing section.

L. R. TAFT,
Michigan Agricultural College,
April 14, 1910.

Prof. Taft is Superintendent of Farmers' Institutes, and for years was Professor of Horticulture and head of that department at the Michigan Agricultural College.

His reputation is national and his statement of conditions as above should command consideration and be relied upon fully.

The above letter was suggested by a remark made at a meeting of the Premium List Committee of the Michigan State Fair. The remark being to the effect that it would not possibly do for the counties in Northeastern Michigan to try to compete with other portions of the state in the exhibition of fruits. Prof. Taft being Superintendent of the Horticultural Department of the State Fair, and thus in position to know, questioned this, and assured the members that exhibits from counties of Northeastern Michigan could and had competed successfully with other portions of the state.

No Game Like Baseball.

There is no game that can steadily attract so many spectators during the entire course of its season as baseball. There is no sport that gives an opportunity for so many of our younger boys to enjoy exciting, skillful and developing exercise. In fact, if it conceivably there is no game so well adapted to the American boy and man. From Walter Camp's "The American National Game" in "Century."

H. G. WENDLAND & CO.,

BAY CITY, MICH.

We Want Your Business

Here Are Some Excellent Carpet Values:

Being exclusive agents for a number of different makes of Carpets such as the (Colonial Wilton Velvet, Whittall, Wilton and Body Brussels) we can by having the largest assortment in Northern Michigan sell for far less than any other house; in this way making you a saving of money well worth a special trip to our store. We ask, if you are in need of a new Carpet you come to Bay City and inspect this line. You are then assured, of the best results.

You Can Select From Over 500 Patterns of Rugs and Save Money on Each.

Mostly patterns from exclusive lines only seen with us. The (Anglo-Persian) Rug made in perfect shades and new designs, of firm, solid materials satisfying the house-keepers love for art, beauty and service. Prices \$15.00 to \$75.00. The new (Cashmere Rug) has small neat designs, seamless, reversible and washable. Effect of the high price Wilton or Body Brussels. Prices \$7.50 to \$14.00. Also a large showing of Grecian patterns in Grass Rugs at prices \$4.50 to \$9.00. An inspection is requested.

Our Curtain and Portier Display Lend Many Helpful Suggestions.

We are fully prepared to submit many new ideas of home decoration in this line. Large varieties of Scrim Curtains, Clunies, Marie Antoinettes, Filleis, Renaissance, Irish Point and Brussels Nets to select from. Beautiful Portiers made up or by the yard in great assortments. Estimates cheerfully furnished.

H. G. Wendland & Co.,

Bay City, Mich.

OUR AGENTS MAKE \$50.00 A WEEK

NOTICE.

The Circuit Court for the County of Crawford, in Chancery. Nels Micheson, Complainant, vs.

Eleanora F. Montgomery, William A. Montgomery and The Buffalo Fertilizer Company, a corporation, Defendants.

In this case, it appearing from affidavit on file, that the defendants, Eleanora F. Montgomery and William A. Montgomery, are not residents of this State, but do reside in the City of Chicago and State of Illinois; Therefore, on motion of Geo. L. Alexander, Solicitor for Complainant, it is ordered, that the said defendants, Eleanora F. Montgomery and William A. Montgomery, be cited to appear before the court on the date of this order, and that within 30 days the complainant cause this order to be published in the Crawford Avalanche, a newspaper printed and published and circulated in said County of Crawford, to continue once in each week for six weeks in succession.

Dated April 18th, 1910.

NELSON SHARPE, Circuit Judge, GEO. L. ALEXANDER, Solicitor for Complainant, Apr. 27, 1910.

paper printed and published and circulated in said County of Crawford, to continue once in each week for six weeks in succession.

Dated April 18th, 1910.

NELSON SHARPE, Circuit Judge, GEO. L. ALEXANDER, Solicitor for Complainant, Apr. 27, 1910.

Another set to close out, your choice of Jug or Bottle, special price \$1.00.

The above is but a sample of the many fine pieces at equally low prices to be had at our store.

We invite your inspection.

To the owner or owners of any and all interest in the land herein described, and to the mortgagees or mortgagors named in undischarged recorded mortgages against said land or any acreage thereof or record:

Take Notice that salve has been lawfully made of the following described land for unpaid taxes thereon, and that the undersigned has title thereto under tax deed issued thereto, and that you are entitled to reconveyance thereof at any time within six months after return of service of this notice upon payment to the undersigned to the Register in chancery of all sums due upon such purchase, together with one hundred per cent. additional thereon, and the fees of the Sheriff for the service or cost of publication of this notice.

As upon personal service of a declaration as commencement of suit and the further sum of five dollars for each description, without other additional cost or charges. If payment as aforesaid is not made, the undersigned will institute proceedings for possession of the land.

Negative and Positive. He who is silent is forgotten; he who abstains is taken at his word; he who does not advance back; he who is overwhelmed, distanced, crushed; he who ceases to grow great becomes smaller; he who leaves off, gives up; the stationary condition is the beginning of the end—it is the terrible symptom which precedes death. To live, is to achieve a perpetual triumph; it is to assert one's self against destruction, against sickness, against the amassing and dispersion of one's physical and moral being. It is to will without ceasing, or rather, to refresh one's will day by day.

—A. D. Taft's Journal.

Hanged Wrong Man. Lesurques, the principal figure in the famous judicial tragedy of the Lyon mail, which has been staged the world over, left a number of relatives at the time of his execution. When his innocence was subsequently established, Napoleon III., in 1855, granted a pension in perpetuity to the man's lineal descendants. The pension was paid by the French government until quite recently. A few days ago Mme. Debague, who described herself as the direct descendant of Lesurques on the female side, wrote to the minister of justice in Paris, insisting upon her right to the pension. The lady, who is 60 years old, is prepared to produce the necessary proofs in order to establish her identity.

British House of Lords. The house of lords is almost as old as the British people. Away back in the days of the Heptarchy we find the assembly known as the "Witanage," not as "Council of Wise Men," composed of the leading men in church and state, which assisted the king in the making of the laws of the realm.

Naturally, under the circumstances, these big men became the "whole thing" so to speak, and in the course of time they became the "Lords temporal and spiritual," making up the present "house of lords." London Standard.

Prison Conditions Bettered. One effective result of the suffragette invasion of Holloway jail in England and the constant complaints of the "votes for women" prisoners as to their treatment there, is a new scheme which has just been framed by the home office. In future women prisoners between the ages of 16 and 28 will be separated from hardened criminals and will receive lessons in sewing and dressmaking. A committee of ladies will also assist them to obtain situations when their sentences have been served.

No Game Like Baseball. There is no game that can steadily attract so many spectators during the entire course of its season as baseball. There is no sport that gives an opportunity for so many of our younger boys to enjoy exciting, skillful and developing exercise. In fact, if it conceivably there is no game so well adapted to the American boy and man. From Walter Camp's "The American National Game" in "Century."

CUT GLASS

Cut Glass

guaranteed to be "All Cut," not pressed blanks re-shaped; that we would like to show you.

Something new in Comports from \$4.00 to \$6.00.

Beautiful Bowls at \$5.50.

Nappies, new designs, \$1.80 to \$2.50.

Celery trays at \$5.00.

Vases from \$5.00 to \$15.00.

Sugar and Creams especially good values at \$4.00 and \$5.00, the pair.

A dainty set of Sherbet Cups, beautiful in design, dozen, \$9.00.

A 3 pint Jug, \$6.00, 1/2 doz.

Tumblers heavy cutting \$9.00.

Champagne glasses \$15.00.

Another set to close out, your choice of Jug or Bottle, special price \$1.00.

The above is but a sample of the many fine pieces at equally low prices to be had at our store.

We invite your inspection.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN

The Probate Court for the

County of Crawford

At a session of said court, held at

the probate office in the village of

Grayling, in said county, on the 14th

day of April, A. D. 1910.

Present Hon. Wellington Batterson,

Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Daniel M. Byrne, deceased.

Marguerite Byrne having filed in

said court her petition praying that

the administration of said estate be

granted to Marguerite Byrne, or to

some other suitable person.

It is ordered, That the 12th day of

May, A. D. 1910, at ten o'clock in the

forenoon, at said probate office, be

and is hereby appointed for hearing

said petition.

It is further ordered, that public no-

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The Sunlight

C. E. L. M. P. Publishing
SATURDAY, MARCH 10

SUMMARY OF THE MOST IMPORTANT NEWS.

Sunday.
Storm losses throughout the Middle West were put at \$8,000,000 by the latest estimate.

Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) was laid to rest beside his wife and children in Elmira, N. Y.

The government took steps to stop gambling in cotton, which caused a loss of millions of dollars in trade.

William Fetter, manufacturer at Springfield, Ill., wrote Taft a letter attacking trust abuses under the present patent system.

Monday.
A storm played havoc with the fruit crop of Iowa and Indiana.

A Federal inquiry into the cotton pool is to be started in New York.

Senator Hale of Maine will quit at the end of his present term; Aldrich confirmed the news of his retirement.

Tuesday.
Roosevelt left Hungary for Paris, receiving a great send-off.

Congressman Frank O. Lowden of Illinois announced that he will quit public life.

Many Illinois towns voted on the wet or dry issue, both sides experiencing gains and losses.

A Democrat won on the tariff reform issue in a big landslide in the Thirty-second New York Congressional District.

Wednesday.
The International Harvester Company's annual report shows \$14,892,740 earned in 1908.

Directors of the Illinois Central met in New York, but said graft charges were not considered.

The cotton firm of Knight, Yancey & Co., with many offices in the South, failed with \$4,000,000 in liabilities.

The natives of the Seilly Islands reaped a harvest when the cargo of the liner Minnehaha was thrown overboard.

Prof. Marion Talbot, of the Chicago University, in her new book pictured colleges as promoters of race suicide and college students as careless moralists.

Thursday.
Paris gave Theodore Roosevelt a most enthusiastic greeting.

Mark Twain died of a broken heart, smoking in pantomime as end drew near.

The Illinois Supreme Court sustained the union of the Presbyterian and Cumberland Presbyterian Churches.

The attorney general is conducting an investigation into the Chicago board of trade's methods of making profits.

William J. Calhoun, the new American minister to China, presented his credentials to the prince regent in Peking.

The fortune of H. H. Rogers proved to be only \$35,000,000 instead of more than \$100,000,000, as generally supposed.

Friday.
His publisher said that Mark Twain's writing had earned \$3,000,000 for him.

Fifty-five students were admitted to Northwestern University class of Princeton, III.

Forged bills of lading on cotton causing millions loss were revealed by an Alabama failure.

Albert Wolter must die in the electric chair for murdering a 15-year-old New York stenographer.

Chinese rioters forced women and children to flee from Changsha and threatened all foreigners.

The misuse of \$800,000 of funds of George Washington University was charged by a former dean.

The Merriam Commission heard that the city of Chicago has lost \$55,000 in twenty months in fire department coal contracts.

The nurse said that a week after Dr. Hyde gave the Swope girl a box of candy the recipient developed typhoid fever.

Saturday.
Storm and frost did great damage to crops the country over.

More than 2,000 were made homeless by \$1,000,000 in Lake Charles, La.

The Vatican refused permission for the Prince of Monaco to visit the Italian king at the Quirinal.

New riots in China caused diplomatic circles to fear the disturbance may develop into wide significance.

Mobs in China renewed rioting.

United States cruiser arrived at Hankow; other nations sending ships.

Henry W. Hoyt signed an attorney general of Porto Rico as a result of his testimony in the Pinchot-Ballinger inquiry.

Rev. Dr. Charles A. Eaton, John D. Rockefeller's former pastor in Cleveland, says New Yorkers are busy putting up a front.

Roosevelt is a Sorbonne lecture de-

clared the average citizen is the mainstay of a republic and warned his hearers against race suicide.

President Needham, of George Washington University, told the House committee on the District of Columbia that only \$16,000 remains of the \$12,000 Corcoran endowment fund.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

The will of Thomas F. Walsh, the Colorado mining king, divides his \$10,000,000 fortune equally between the widow and his only child, Mrs. Evelyn E. McLean.

"Conservation of child life" and "Compulsory education" were the battle cries sounded at the first session of the Southern textile conference at Memphis, Tenn.

State's Attorney Blakely of Pittsburg will go to Albany to ask Governor Hughes for the extradition of President Frank N. Hoffman, accused of bribing councilmen.

MARK TWAIN IS DEAD OF A BROKEN HEART

America's Famous Humorist, Sadened by Loss of Daughter and Friends, Gives Up Fight.

HIS ENDING IS WITHOUT PAIN

Sad Event Occurs at His Home Near Redding, Conn.—Angina Pectoris the Cause.

Mark Twain, beloved the world over because he made it laugh, is dead. He passed away without pain at 8:32 o'clock Thursday evening in his country home, "Stormfield," back in the wild Camarack Hills, from Redding, Conn. For five hours he had been unconscious and the end was almost unnoticeable. It was simply a cessation of pulse and respiration. At his bed-side were his only living child, Clara, who is the wife of Ossip Gabrilowitch, the Russian pianist; Albert Bigelow Paine, his secretary and literary executor, who was almost a son to him; Drs. Edward Quintard and Robert Halsey, the heart specialists, who had kept him alive by stimulants for nearly twenty-four hours, and his servants, headed by "Old Katie," who for thirty years has been his housekeeper.

Angina pectoris, the doctors have it, ended the life which every one who had ever known—Samuel Langhorne Clemens hoped might be spared longer. That malady was coupled to some extent with asthma of the heart, brought about by excessive smoking. But what laymen call a broken heart was more responsible than the world in general knew. When his chum, Henry H. Rogers, died last year, those close to Mr. Twain saw that his grief was intense. The odd companionship—humorist and multimillionaire—was a nearer and

farther apart, and left the bustle and head wrapped in burraps on the escape from where it was pushed into the yard below. He was arrested on Saturday, March 26.

MILLIONS LOST THROUGH FROST.

Heavy Damage in Iowa, Where Temperature Drops to 22 Degrees.

Secretary Wesley Greene of the Iowa State Horticultural Department estimated that the damage to the Iowa fruit and vegetable crop from the freezing weather will be between \$5,000,000 and \$10,000,000. He asserts that early fruit, cherries and plums in particular, have been destroyed, but vegetables may be replanted, thus regaining a part of the loss. Snow has been falling in many parts of Iowa. A temperature of 22 above zero was reported from the southern part of the State. Temperatures ranging from 27 to 38 above zero, accompanied by flurries of snow, represented the weather in Western Missouri, Eastern Kansas and Southern Nebraska. In Illinois frost has greatly damaged fruit at Galesburg, Springfield and Central Illinois were visited by a heavy snowfall and budding fruits were killed by frost. A cold, drizzling rain fell throughout Southern Illinois and hard rains fell in Southern Indiana and Western Kentucky, washing away many bridges.

Samuel L. CLEMENS.

dearer than any save they alone realized. When his only unmarried daughter, Jean, was drowned in her bath during an attack of epilepsy just before Christmas, his nearest remaining tie was severed. He was a lone, sorrow-stricken man, after the passing of his friends—William Lanahan of the Sun and Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the Century—he said sadly: "How fortunate they are!" No good fortune on that kind comes to me!

Samuel Langhorne Clemens, America's foremost humorist and known the world over as Mark Twain, was born in the little town of Hannibal, Mo., on November 30, 1835. Early in life he worked in the printing office of his older brother and learned the trade, a compositor. For a time he was a pilot upon Mississippi River steam-boats. But he drifted back into newspaper work and made a modest success as correspondent for various papers in Nevada and California. He published his first book, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," in March, 1867. Two years later a series of letters he had written as a correspondent were collected and published under the title, "The Innocents Abroad." The book had a record sale and his fame as a humorous writer was secure. Other books appearing later were "Roughing It," "The Gilded Age," "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," "The Prince and the Pauper," and "Pudd'nhead Wilson."

His financial ability, however, was none of the best and in 1894 his entire fortune was swept away by the failure of the publishing house. Mr. Clemens was abroad at the time, and although sixty years of age he started out on a tour of the globe, delivering lectures and writing articles in order to pay the debts of the defunct firm, which he was successful in doing.

OHIO MINE EXPLOSION KILLS 18.

Disaster Near Steubenville, O., Entombs 25 Victims in Shaft.

Eighteen of a night force of twenty-five machine men employed in the mine of the Youngstown & Ohio Coal

Company, near Amsterdam, Ohio, are thought to be dead, as a result of an explosion in the mine late the other night. Seven men were taken from the shaft alive, but unconscious. Rescuers hurried away within a few minutes after the explosion. About 200 men are employed in the mine during the day time—they quit work between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The machine men work nights, preparing the work for the day shift. It is believed that the explosion was caused by coal gas.

MAN KILLED BY BEEF.

Tries to Swallow Strip Six Inches Long and Dies.

John S. Boyd, of Dayton, Ohio, died of strangulation while attempting to swallow a piece of raw beefsteak six inches long and an inch thick. Boyd had been drinking considerably lately, it is said, and it is thought that he tried to swallow the raw beefsteak to sober up. He died before a physician who was summoned could reach him.

WOLTER FOUND GUILTY.

Youth Who Killed Fourteen-Year-Old Stenographer Must Die.

Albert Wolter, a 19-year-old youth, was found guilty of murder in the first degree by a jury in the Court of Special Sessions in New York, and by the verdict the contention of the State that Wolter on March 24 last strangled Ruth Wheeler, whom he had enticed to his room by a promise of work, and thrust her while yet alive in his fireplace, where, soaked with oil, her crumpled body writhed and burned. With the same wax-faced indifference that he had shown throughout the trial, Wolter evinced no emotion when the verdict was announced. His fate will be the electric chair.

The law was quick to deal with the youthful degenerate, who was "crazy" about women—it was one month ago that Ruth Wheeler left her home, where she lived with her widowed mother and two sisters, to answer an advertisement for a position as stenographer. She never returned, and when her movements were traced it was found she met her death in the struggle to save her honor. Failing to dispose of her body in the fireplace, Wolter cut it apart and left the bustle and head wrapped in burraps on the escape from where it was pushed into the yard below. He was arrested on Saturday, March 26.

U. S. CONVICTS MAKE MAD TRY FOR LIBERTY

Five Flee the Federal Prison at Leavenworth, but Two Are Recaptured.

STEAL AN ENGINE TO ESCAPE.

After Wild Run Three Are Surrounds in the Woods—Siren Calls Aid from Many Farms.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR TRADE.

Bryan Trip Ends in Points to Chances in South America.

William J. Bryan, who has just made a tour of South America, returned to New York the other day on board the Red D Line steamship Carrasco. Mr. Bryan talked of his trip to the newspaper men. He was enthusiastic over the possibilities of South America to be developed by the opening of the Panama Canal.

"South America is bound to become the great market for the products of this country," said Mr. Bryan. "Henceforth our merchants and manufacturers have been kept busy with the home markets, but now they are reaching out for the trade of the countries to the south of us, and they will gain it in time. The increased sale of our goods within a very recent period demonstrated that we are already begin-

ring to see the necessity for reaching out and grasping the opportunities that lie all ready to our hand in the South American countries. The opening of the Panama Canal, which will not be delayed later than 1915, in my opinion will lead to a marvelous development of trade relations with the countries on the west coast of South America."

"During the next fifty years," continued Mr. Bryan, "between 25,000,000 and 50,000,000 emigrants will find a home in South America, and the social and economical changes that will be brought about by this shift in population will bring up for consideration wholly new and probably difficult problems."

Mr. Bryan would not discuss the letter sent by him to be read at the Jefferson day dinner in Washington.

DEMOCRAT WINS IN LANDSLIDE.

James S. Havens Elected to Congress in New York State.

In the Congressional election at Rochester, N. Y., the other day Republican standpatters was dealt a blow as terrific as that sustained a few weeks ago in the Fourteenth Massachusetts District, where Eugene N. Foss, running as a Democrat, reversed the traditional majority in a district supposed to be rock-bottom Republican.

James S. Havens, a Democrat, has been elected to fill the vacancy in Congress caused by the death of James Beck Perkins over George W. Aldridge, the Republican boss of Monroe County, by the unprecedented plurality of 6,500. The district, the Thirty-second, had not gone Democratic since 1900.

The defeat was overwhelming. Mr. Perkins, a Republican, carried the district in 1908 by 16,197. Fighting single-handed, Mr. Havens succeeded in almost reversing this plurality in a campaign that lasted but seventeen days. While the so-called "moral issue" was undoubtedly paramount in the campaign, there seems also to be no doubt that the Payne-Aldridge tariff bill had a great deal to do with the result. Aldridge had come out flat-footed as endorsing the tariff law as it stands. Havens was avowedly a tariff reformer.

ENTOMBED IN A MINE.

Men Imprisoned by Explosion at Mulga, Ala., All Dead.

Fifty men were entombed in the Mulga mine of the Birmingham Rail-Car and Iron Company at Mulga, Ala., by an explosion at 6 o'clock the other night and it is believed that all are dead. Fifteen white men and twenty-five negro laborers are in the mine. The foreman, who is entombed with the others, has the only list of those working at the time. When the first crew of rescuers reached the bottom of the shaft the following morning the bodies of two miners were found. On returning to the surface the rescuers expressed the opinion that all the men were dead.

After the explosion flames shot up the shaft for about 400 feet and the ground is covered with charred timbers which are blown up from the bottom of a 300-foot shaft by the force of the blast. Every window in the village was broken.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

Progress of the Pennant Race in Dixie Ball League.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

W. L. Philadelphia .5 1 Cincinnati .2 3 Pittsburgh .4 1 Boston .2 4 Chicago .4 2 Brooklyn .2 4 New York .3 3 St. Louis .1 5

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

W. L. Toledo .6 2 Minneapolis .5 4 St. Paul .5 1 Indianapolis .3 5 Columbus .5 3 Louisville .2 6 Kansas City .4 3 Milwaukee .1 6

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

W. L. Detroit .4 2 Philadelphia .3 3 New York .3 2 St. Louis .2 2 Cleveland .4 3 Washington .3 5

WESTERN LEAGUE.

W. L. Omaha .1 0 Wichita .0 .1 Sioux City .1 0 Topeka .0 .1 Lincoln .1 0 Denver .0 .1 Des Moines .1 0 St. Joseph .0 .1

Fire Sweeps Burlington Yards.

With the wind blowing a gale, a spectacular fire raged for hours in the yards of the Burlington Railroad in Lincoln, Neb. An estimate of the loss between \$125,000 and \$150,000.

Nearly a dozen railroad buildings with their contents were burned, together with thirty freight cars, some of them filled with lumber and merchandise.

Still, the "exposures" are not likely to make Andrew Carnegie proud of his Pittsburgh.

Mr. Roosevelt continues his philanthropic work of giving Europe an interesting time.

Indianapolis coal gaffers made a mistake in hiring a stenographer with eyes and ears.

The Pullman company will not be able to pull a man so much for upper berths hereafter.

By getting up as early as does the comet is helping along the more-day-light movement.

It was time for the interstate commission to quit work between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The machine men work nights, preparing the work for the day shift. It is believed that the explosion was caused by coal gas.

MAKING STRANGLED BY HAIR.

FARM AND GARDEN

THE POPULAR PULPIT

It is a mistake not to grow the pigs rapidly from birth to market.

In countries where colts run out the year around, the mature horses have much stronger legs.

Keeping a cow because she is beautiful may show an esthetic taste, but not good business sense.

Though exercise is good for laying hens, we wouldn't advise having the dogs chase them for that purpose.

If your chicks are not coming up to what you think they should, look and see that the fault does not lie with the male.

Sometimes a feed of cabbage just before using a horse that slobbers from eating clover will prevent the unpleasant loss of saliva.

High-grade butter is the result of intelligence—poor butter the result of ignorance. The one is in demand everywhere; the other goes begging in the market.

When a team of horses stand up to the bit in the same way it will be found that they do more work with less friction than horses that do not work in harmony.

The value of manure does not depend wholly upon its fertilizing properties; it adds humus to the soil. It is especially beneficial to gumbo and to mucky soils.

The handling of the manure and its application to the soil has much to do with its effectiveness. Manures from different animals and intended for different crops require different care.

EXPENSIVE SHED NOT NEEDED.

An open scratching shed is within the possibilities of even the most modest poultryman. A building of very cheap material, rough boards, battened and roof covered with roofing paper will answer. A very satisfactory shed may be prepared without any building. Poles placed in the ground with others across them for a frame work to hold a roof of bows covered with straw answers every purpose.

If this improvised scratching shed is placed beside some of the farm buildings, strawstacks, etc., it will need no side walls. Biddy will gladly desert her close house for such a place to hunt in the daytime. In fact, an A-shaped structure of poles covered with straw and open at one end seems to meet her requirements nicely.

The opening is toward the south, and is large enough to admit plenty of sunshine. It is surprising how comfortable such a structure is.

FREE SPEECH.

An evidence of the benevolent spirit of the conservation of the useful and beautiful that is now being so happily shown throughout our country is to be seen in the minor, but none the less important, rehabilitation of the stately and beautiful shade trees of our Eastern country. These old-time monarchs of the forest that formerly covered this section of the country have been allowed to decay and fall by the thousands, but now a wise system of tree surgery and repair is inaugurated and skilled men diagnose the condition of these grand sentinels, and by a system of judicious cutting away the deadwood, filling in the gashes with bricks and mortar, thus strengthening the otherwise weak trunks, and then by a skillful covering of the exposed parts with tin or zinc, carefully painted to represent the natural hues of the bark, the tree is restored to its beauty and guarded against further premature decay.

KEEPING TAB ON THE COW.

The only way to obtain readily, easily and accurately the knowledge of a cow's production is by the use of the scales.

Many people object to the use of the scales, saying that it requires too much time, but actual experience shows that a half-minute, thirty seconds, will be ample time to weigh and record the production of each cow at a milking. By watching the record sheet one can tell readily whether or not the cow is producing an amount in proportion to the feed given, and if she is doing so the feed can be increased until the maximum profitable production is attained. Another big advantage of the daily milk record is that it will allow the herd owner to observe any threatened approach of sickness, for any kind of physical disturbance of the animal immediately shows itself at the pail. The kinds of grain fed will be determined by the grains in the market and their cost, together with the roughness and grains raised on the farm.—*Rural World*.

WEIGHING AND TESTING MILK.

Just according to the system of care and management given the dairy herd will depend the profit or loss. Dealing with the herd as a herd is a mistake, each cow should be judged as an individual, and on her own merits.

It should not only be known the quantity of milk each cow gives, but also the amount of butter fat she yields.

It does not necessarily mean that because a cow gives 4 per cent butter fat she is more profitable than one giving milk testing 3½ per cent.

In order that the exact amount of milk a cow gives may be determined, it should be weighed directly after each milking and a record of these weights kept for each cow. A reliable spring balance scale would be a very convenient article for this purpose. It could be suspended in the shed or stable, where the milking is done, and near by could be placed a record sheet and pencil, so that very little time would be consumed in making note.

It is a valuable move, and gives one to understand which are the profitable and which the unprofitable cows of the herd.

MORE ABOUT HIGH PRICES.

It must tickle a good many farmers to read in the papers that they are responsible for existing high prices;

and when a little farther down the column the city men tell them that they ought to raise more grain and vegetables and sell them for less.

The farmer's "haw-haw" can be heard from the corral to the far-

end of the alfalfa field, says the Field and Farm. Let the town merchant accept the same advice. Let him double his stock and sell the \$9.80 suits for \$7.89. Tell Mr. Hill, the big railroad man, to build more railroads and charge excursion rates every day. Of course, that would not do, but the merchants and the railroad owners are becoming richer every day and no one ever heard of a farmer making anything like a million of a half million or a quarter of a million from the products of his fields. Every sure enough rancher earns the highest price for whatever he has to sell, and if he has reached that place where he can take advantage of the market his house must be on Prosperity avenue.

PLANTING CATALPA.

In regard to catalpa trees for forest planting, it has been shown that the catalpa attains its best growth on very rich soil. In one case the returns on the best soil were almost five times as great as on the poorest soil. One plantation showed an annual profit from the rich loam of \$21.55 per acre.

If grown alone or mixed with trees no taller than itself, and especially in plantations on the plains, the catalpa should be protected from prevailing winds by shelter belts of taller trees.

It is much cheaper for the planter to grow his trees from seed than to buy them from a nursery.

The plantations should be set out so the trees are 4 feet apart, giving each tree a space of 16 square feet. The close planting kills the lateral branches while young.

The cutting back of the young trees after two or three seasons' growth and root covered with roofing paper will answer. A very satisfactory shading may be prepared without any building. Poles placed in the ground with

others across them for a frame work to hold a roof of bows covered with straw answers every purpose.

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others across them for a frame work to hold a roof of bows covered with straw answers every purpose.

KEEP QUACKS AWAY.

A veterinarian is needed to make a skillful veterinarian dentist; it requires a man who thoroughly understands the anatomy of the mouth and has necessary instruments and skills to correct whatever is wrong.

Few farmers have either had the so-called "veterinary dentist" who is not a veterinarian, is usually an unscrupulous person, who neither understands the proper arrangements and conditions of the teeth nor the proper manner of correcting faults a man who lives by deceiving the horse owner. Hence, we think that it is better for the owner to get a qualified man to attend to his horse's mouths. There are few horses that have reached the age of 6 years or over (and often younger age) that would not be better if their teeth were dressed once every year. The reputable veterinarian does not tell all his patrons this and look in the horse's mouth and say that his teeth require attention. This looks too much like looking for a job, and horse owners are very apt to take it that way, and the veterinarian who has much respect either for himself or his profession is above it. He rightly thinks that if his services are worth having they are worth asking for. All the same, the average horse will thrive better on the same food if his teeth are regularly dressed. There are many cases in which attention is not required, and the professional man, who, for the sake of the fee, will dress a mouth that does not require it, is, we trust, rarely found.—*Maritime Farmer*.

RESCUING AN ORCHARD.

It would do no harm to set young fruit trees in the holes where the old ones are taken out, but other things being equal, it would be just as well to dig new holes in the spaces between the old trees after they have been cut down or pulled up.

Answering a similar question, the Rural New Yorker advises digging a wide hole, 2 feet or more in diameter and 8 to 12 inches deep, as may be needed, placing the rich or top soil in one pile and the subsoil in another. Cut out all broken or injured roots from the tree to be set and freshen the ends of the sound roots with a slanting cut from below upward, so that the fresh surface will rest on the soil. When the roots are in their natural position, set the trees in the center of the hole and carefully fill in around the roots with the best of the top soil taken out, sifted from the edge of the shovel and working it between the rows with the fingers, shaking the tree meanwhile to get the earth in every crevice between the roots. When the roots are fairly covered, tramp firmly, then fill in with the poorer or subsoil, tramping it firmly as it is put in place. The tree when set should stand little, if any, deeper than it grew in the nursery row. The firmed earth should be banked up around the tree to shed water. About a third of the top should be cut, taking out weak and unnecessary limbs, shortening in the good ones so as to balance the tree. If we have the gift of prophecy, we must use it for the instruction of the ignorant, if we retain it.

To hesitate, if we may it be turned than fitting the unskilled how best to accomplish their task?

If you have wealth you have possession of power for good which is nearly omnipotent, it rightly applies to those who may not see afar? If your hand has strength and cunning, to what better use may it be turned than lifting the burdens of the weak and helping the unskilled how best to accomplish their task?

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THE POPULAR PULPIT

THE FIGHTING CHRISTIAN.

By Henry F. Cope.

"Fight the good fight of faith."

I Tim., vi. 12.

Of course it is easy to criticise and exceedingly hard to amend, easy to paint the ideal and difficult to take one step toward the real. But there is not only no good, there is much harm to us in the habit of harshly condemning the wrong and facilely painting heresy while we ourselves make no endeavor toward meeting the present need.

Of what value is all our condemnation of sin if we do nothing to stop its ravages? The fashion too often seems to be that of regarding the work of the church as accomplished whenever she has invented some new phrases with which to describe iniquity, to depict its existence, and to warn of its results, but never to take it by the throat and seek to throttle the beast.

Of what value are all our pictures of a beautiful land beyond, of a fair and glorious city over there, if we must stand by, waiting for the tide and leaving our own, the one in which we and our brothers live, to foul and dark, a snare to the young and a tool for the depraved? Is our piety able only to picture better things and never to bring them into being?

If we really desire that men shall be holy, that the soul shall grow in beauty, that our brothers shall come to that moral and spiritual perfection which for us is the glory of our great Father's face, we shall not forget that the features of eternity are molded in time, that the soul in which the soul grows is this present environment.

A deadly apathy has crept over any man who can see iniquitous conditions about him, who can see the spirit of the Spartan mother who charged her soldier son, "Come home with your shield or on it." Christ says to His disciples, "Take the field and save humanity, cost what it may." It is always true that the choice of the broad path of personal ease and comfort instead of the narrow path of duty leads to the loss of self-respect, the world's esteem, and true success. Sir Henry Stanley describes bravery as a requisite for those who push into the African forest, and says, "The bigger the work the greater the joy of doing it. The whole-hearted striving and wrestling with difficulty to lay hold with a firm grip and level head, and the calm resolution of the master, and tugging and toiling and wrestling at it to-day, to-morrow, and the next until it is done—is the soldier's creed of forward, ever forward; it is a man's faith that for this task he was born." When McKay wrote from Uganda in Africa to the home church, he said, "For our work at this station we want the best men in England, not a man who can be easily spared, but the man who cannot be spared."

Christianity from the beginning has grown upon tasks that were so great as to require the consecration of all its power. "O, pray not for easy lives, pray to be stronger in them; do not pray for tasks equal to thy power, pray for power equal to thy tasks; then the doing of your work shall be no miracle; but you shall be a miracle; every day you shall wonder at yourself at the richness of the life which has come to you by the grace of God."

It is better to till at windmills than to remain impassively before the master, and to tug and toil and wrestle at it to-day, to-morrow, and the next until it is done—is the soldier's creed of forward, ever forward; it is a man's faith that for this task he was born." When McKay wrote from Uganda in Africa to the home church, he said, "For our work at this station we want the best men in England, not a man who can be easily spared, but the man who cannot be spared."

We can always manage to work up tremendous tides of feeling at the least hint that some invader should tread on our soil, or stain our national honor; yet we remain blind to the fact that traitors in our midst, for greed of gain, step on and trample under foot the honor and souls of men, despoil all that really constitutes the wealth and glory of a nation, the characters of her people.

Is there not grave danger that the church may miss her great chance, the chance to awaken and fan in men a holy, flaming passion for real, actual, concrete rightness? What can religion be for in this world if it be not to inspire and lead men to the fullness of their living to the best in character, and to aid to this by furnishing the best possible conditions for the growth of character?

The function of the church is neither legislative nor executive; it is inspirational. But of what value is all the inspiration if it leads to no activity, to no endeavor for the realization of those ideals which the church paints? We have been singing great hymns of spiritual patriotism and then shunning the battle until the emotions are at high tide while the moral passion is paralyzed.

It is time for all who have any religious faith to realize that moral and social facts are our concern, that if we believe in the eternal goodness we must actually fight the present evil, that if we really love our fellowmen we must make the upward way possible for them, we must fight the foes of the weak and make straight paths for their feet; if we want men to win to a better world there we must make as good a world as can be here.

MAKE USE OF YOUR GIFTS.

Rev. Abner H. Lucas, D. D.

"And he said, leave us not, I pray thee; for as much as thou knowest we are to encamp in the wilderness, and thou mayest be to us a

success."

Success is an unreliable evidence of righteousness.

The rough places are never smooth,

by soft soap.

You cannot tell much about the goal of a life by its speed.

He who has no heroes is fundamentally deficient in reverence.

It does not take much military to shut heaven from our eyes.

He can never be a power with men who can feel no pity for men.

Nothing ruins the moral digestion quicker than spicy conversation.

It is mighty hard to be patient with the sins we promote in others.

DON'TS FOR CHURCHMEN.

Don't miss the spirit of the law by making the most of the letter.

Don't forget that your morality depends on the meaning you see in life.

Don't mistake as an endeavor to win a crown your great anxiety to wear one.

Don't overlook the fact that he who makes no friends has his toe in himself.

Don't fail to divorce yourself from vanity before you attempt to wed another.

As the earthly.

new dangers arose, and he helped Moses meet them and conquer them, his own mind and soul grew imperial. By the number, magnitude, and stress of the responsibilities which he accepted in his service of others, he was developed into his own worthless life. When a great Italian commander was defeated he issued his immortal appeal: "Soldiers, I am without money and without reward. I have nothing to offer you—but cold and hunger, rage and hardship. Let him who loves his country follow me." But with that summons to self-denial and patriotism he gathered to his side the choicest souls of his generation. The men who followed in response to that appeal became courageous heroes themselves. When our Lord turned and said to the multitude, "The Son of man hath not where to lay His head," and invited them to follow Him, He was calling to men and women who had counted the cost, and were ready to surrender themselves to the cause of purity, truth, and human usefulness.

The way of life is narrow; the gate to it is narrow; but the narrowness of the way and the gate are its glory.

Narrowness of the way demands energy, high purpose, and noble perseverance.

Buy the New Royal Sewing Machine

Equal to any made.
For Sale and fully warranted by O. Palmer.

Holding the Line

By Lawrence Alfred Clay

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When two peppy old chaps like Commodore Renshaw and Gen. Fairly—one from the navy and the other from the army—both widowers, and one having a son and the other a daughter—both parents aching to argue and discuss; and neither willing to give an inch—are set to live side by side, what's the natural consequence?

"Wrangle? Why, they wrangled from the very first day. That was about the Spanish war—as to whether the army or navy, brought about peace. The next was politics, the next on religion, and they got so wrangled about the weather. They wrangled, and yet they visited each other."

"Egad, commodore, you are an old fossil, and your words don't count, and I'll never darken your door again, sir!" Gen. Fairly would exclaim as he left the house of the former in a huff; but he would be over again next day with something new to argue about.

"Egad, sir, but for the navy and Santiago where would you doughboys have been—where, sir?" the commodore would exclaim with very red face. "We saved you, sir, and here you are, pretending to tell me of war! Yes sir, and I'll go home, sir, and I want you to keep your head at home or I'll shoot them, sir!"

But the hens continued to roost in his garden, and he didn't shoot them; they thought they were in deadly earnest; those two old heroes—but they weren't. They were blushing.

The spring that both reached the age limit and were retired they went up the Connecticut shore and bought villas side by side. At that time Uncle was abusing the government instead of each other. At that time Eunice Renshaw and Grant Fairly, the respective daughter and son, were away at college, and both came home the man said as he raised his hat:

"I am the general's son, and I presume you are the daughter of the commodore."

Miss Eunice inclined her head. "We are here to shoot each other under certain circumstances."

Miss Eunice lifted her revolver in view and tried to look very brave. "We are both determined persons, and probably both will fall. It is also likely that our respective fathers will fall."

"Mine can't get out to fall," said Miss Eunice before she laid time to think.

"Nor mine," laughed young Mr. Grant. "If there is any shooting to be done it must be between ourselves. Shall it be a regular duel or promiscuous firing?"

Miss Eunice wanted to look very savage, but in place of that her face took on a smile, and finding herself defeated she threw her weapon on the ground.

"A trick, eh?" laughed the young man, as he also tossed away his weapon. "Now, please let me go to the house with you."

"But my father, He's—he's—" "Yes, I know, and so's mine. They are two foolish men, and we are going to talk to them. The idea of a quarrel over a cherry tree!"

And young Mr. Fairly walked in and faced the commodore, and he talked so well and laughed so often that the old veteran who had been ready to eat him up, finally said:

"If your father will say that it was the fleet that did the trick at San Diego, I think—think that will settle it."

"I am ready to admit that we couldn't have done without the fleet," replied the general when he had got over his astonishment, "but I think the commodore ought to be willing to admit that if the navy had been at Gettysburg, it could not have won a greater victory than the army did."

Before high noon all was sorted and the wire fencing put away for good, and on the third day the two veterans were well enough to sit on the veranda at opposite ends. They had been smoking in silence for five minutes when the general said:

"Commodore, you are a silly old dog."

"General, you are the same."

"But we silly old dogs are going to get left. The young folks made a peace that they might fall in love and be married next year about this time."

"Egad but I'll go to law," exclaimed one officer.

"And I'll defend my rights with a shotgun," exclaimed the other.

Each one announced and declared and contended that it was the principle of the thing and not the cherry tree he had at stake, and each one had purchased the wire to run a fence along and take in the tree. This maters stood when the young folks came home for the summer vacation.

"Why, poppy, all the cherry trees around here are not worth your share," replied Miss Eunice after hearing the father's story.

"But principle, daughter—principle, I have lived up to it all my days, and I must uphold it now. Think of an army officer trying to claim my tree and he belonging to the very troops we saved from capture by sinking Cervera's fleet! I shall stick to my guns—to my guns!"

"Your officers are acting like a couple of boys, dad," was the comment made by young Fairly. "You've got a dozen cherry trees on the grounds; why fight about that one?"

"Grant, you must look at the principle of the thing. Am I to be held, dozed and walked over like a child? It would be bad enough if any other man tried it, but he—supposed to be an officer and a gentleman! If the army hadn't been at Santiago the feet wouldn't have been there, I shall defend that tree with my life."

As the days went by the young people heard so much about that cherry tree that they instinctively began to argue. They had heard of each other through their fathers, but had never met.

A week went by without a move on

the part of the enemy, and then two servants precipitated a crisis. The general's hens were stoned out of the commodore's garden and the commodore's dog was sent home with a tomcat tied to his tail. What made the matter worse was that both principals were shut up in the house—one from gout and the other from an old wound—that had reopened.

"Eunice, you must stand by me," announced the commodore. "I can't get out, and that person knows it, and he will take advantage of my helpless ness to run up a fence."

"But what can I do?" the girl asked. "Take a revolver and patrol the line. If there is any fence building, shoot."

"Grant, my son, you must see this through for me," groaned the general. "That person will hear of my helpless condition and run up a fence. He must not be allowed to."

"But I don't feel like getting into a muss," was the reply.

"There will be no muss if you are firm. Take a gun and let yourself be seen on the firing line."

The ground between the houses, which stood a hundred feet apart, was covered with ornamental bushes. Miss Eunice was the first to arrive. She took shelter behind a bush a foot this side of the disputed line. She didn't like it a bit. She felt she couldn't be brave in such a cause, if any one came from the other house what was she to say?

That question was soon answered. She looked up to see a young man revolver in hand, standing within seven feet of her. He was also on the firing line. The two looked at each other and then away. Then they looked back again. Then the young man said as he raised his hat:

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"Mine can't get out to fall," said Miss Eunice before she laid time to think.

"Nor mine," laughed young Mr. Grant. "If there is any shooting to be done it must be between ourselves. Shall it be a regular duel or promiscuous firing?"

Miss Eunice wanted to look very savage, but in place of that her face took on a smile, and finding herself defeated she threw her weapon on the ground.

"A trick, eh?" laughed the young man, as he also tossed away his weapon.

"Now, please let me go to the house with you."

"But my father, He's—he's—" "Yes, I know, and so's mine. They are two foolish men, and we are going to talk to them. The idea of a quarrel over a cherry tree!"

And young Mr. Fairly walked in and faced the commodore, and he talked so well and laughed so often that the old veteran who had been ready to eat him up, finally said:

"If your father will say that it was the fleet that did the trick at San Diego, I think—think that will settle it."

"I am ready to admit that we couldn't have done without the fleet," replied the general when he had got over his astonishment, "but I think the commodore ought to be willing to admit that if the navy had been at Gettysburg, it could not have won a greater victory than the army did."

Before high noon all was sorted and the wire fencing put away for good, and on the third day the two veterans were well enough to sit on the veranda at opposite ends. They had been smoking in silence for five minutes when the general said:

"Commodore, you are a silly old dog."

"General, you are the same."

"But we silly old dogs are going to get left. The young folks made a peace that they might fall in love and be married next year about this time."

"Egad but I'll go to law," exclaimed one officer.

"And I'll defend my rights with a shotgun," exclaimed the other.

Each one announced and declared and contended that it was the principle of the thing and not the cherry tree he had at stake, and each one had purchased the wire to run a fence along and take in the tree. This maters stood when the young folks came home for the summer vacation.

"Why, poppy, all the cherry trees around here are not worth your share," replied Miss Eunice after hearing the father's story.

"But principle, daughter—principle, I have lived up to it all my days, and I must uphold it now. Think of an army officer trying to claim my tree and he belonging to the very troops we saved from capture by sinking Cervera's fleet! I shall stick to my guns—to my guns!"

"Your officers are acting like a couple of boys, dad," was the comment made by young Fairly. "You've got a dozen cherry trees on the grounds; why fight about that one?"

"Grant, you must look at the principle of the thing. Am I to be held, dozed and walked over like a child? It would be bad enough if any other man tried it, but he—supposed to be an officer and a gentleman! If the army hadn't been at Santiago the feet wouldn't have been there, I shall defend that tree with my life."

As the days went by the young people heard so much about that cherry tree that they instinctively began to argue. They had heard of each other through their fathers, but had never met.

A week went by without a move on

Made the Audience Laugh

Singer's Selection of Ditty for an Encore Was Too Manifestly Inappropriate.

During the present musical season much popularity has been gained by a little song with the odd title, "It Is Not Raining Rain to Me; It's Raining Violet." It is a tuneful bit of melody and has been used for encore purposes with great success. It was during a recent recital that the quaint bit attained real distinction. The affair took place at the Rittenhouse on a wet, blustering evening, and as the night wore on the storm increased to the proportions of a blizzard. The wind arose until its roar blended weirdly with the music and the intermissions were punctuated by boisterous clatterings of hailstones against the windows. During the tenor solo by Paul K. Harper the storm reached the height of its fury and the applause which followed his effort was mingled with shrill shrieks of the storm king's wrath.

As the singer arose for an encore a perfect deluge of rain smote the windows and when the orchestra struck up the tinkling prelude of the familiar "Smile" a snarl broke over the audience.

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